

Newport Mercury

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

Volume 105.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.

Number 5,416.

Poetry.

For the Mercury.
MY GABRIEL.
BY ELLEN.

My Gabriel!
How softly I speak of him,
When ladies come and say to me,
How many children have you, Aunt,
To share your new-found liberty?
I look up in their pitying eyes,
And answer, 'I have only one;
The other, long before this day,
A wider liberty has won.'

My boy! my boy!
He lay a baby on my knee,
His smooth round arms stretched out in sleep,
His little soft foot on my hand,
His little soft foot on my hand,
And dark as wells of water seen
At midnight. Yes! my boy, to me,
Was dear and lovely as the babe
Our mistress laid upon her knee.

Oh, Gabriel!
These are lines of the Northern land
From secretly to believe my tale,
How mothers stand and see their sons
To tread—and neither weep nor wail,
Nor take a frown upon their face,
To kindle more their mother's ire.
—But so I stand, and only pray:
Low in my heart, 'Let God require.'

My boy! my boy!
Two days I had not seen my child,
When carelessly my mother said—
While sauntering past my lonely hut—
That worthless boy of yours is dead!
—Thank my dear Lord! I answered back:
—Oh, mass, blast he God for this!
We sauntered on, perchance he thought
I did not take his news amiss.

My boy! my boy!
My Gabriel! no more for him
The long, long, sultry days of pain,
The long, long, winter nights of work,
The heavy load, the hampering chain,
My boy—no more for him the lash,
Till fainting dulled the agony.
Thank our dear Lord, my boy is dead,
Sweet ladies do not grieve for me.

My Gabriel!
They say that Jordan, salt tolls,
Grows calmer when our Saviour speaks;
And though I weaved for my child,
Through many, many, bitter weeps,
I knew dear Jesus had not left
The poor slave-boy to perish there;
But opened wide the golden doors,
And made my Gabriel his care.
St. Helena Island, N. C.

THE HEAVENLY PRIZE.

Time's glory fades; its beauty now
Has ceased to lure and blind;
Each gay enchantment here below
Has lost its power to bind.
Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

Come, crown and throne—come, robe and
palm!
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

Useful Hints.

A very pleasant perfume, and also preven-
tive against moths, may be made of the follow-
ing ingredients:—Take of cloves, caraway
seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin
beans, of each one ounce; then add as much
Florentine orris-root as will equal the other in-
gredients put together. Grind the whole well
to powder, and then put it in little bags, among
your clothes, &c.

DECOCTION OF SARSAFILLA.—Take four
ounces of root, slice it down, put the slices into
four pints of water, and simmer for four hours.
Take out the sarsaparilla, and beat it into a
mash; put it into the liquor again, and boil
down to two pints, then strain and cool the
liquor. Dose—A wineglassful three times a
day. Use—to purify the blood after a course
of mercury; or indeed whenever any taint is
given to the constitution, vitiating the blood,
and producing eruptive affections.

COCONUT PIE.—Cut off the brown part of
the coconut, grate the white part, and mix it
with milk, and set it on the fire and let it boil
slowly eight or ten minutes. To a quart of
milk add eight, four tablespoonfuls of sifted
white sugar, a glass of wine, a small cracker,
pounded fine, two spoonfuls of melted butter,
and half a nutmeg. The eggs and sugar should
be beaten together to a froth, then the wine
stirred in. Put them into the milk and cocon-
ut; which should be first allowed to get quite
cool; add the cracker and nutmeg, turn the
whole into deep pie-plates, with a lining and
rim of puff paste. Bake them as soon as turned
into the plates.

A nice way of serving up a fowl that has been
dressed. Beat the white of two eggs to a thick
foam; add a small bit of butter, or some salad
oil, a little lukewarm water, and two ta-
blespoonfuls of beer, beaten altogether till it is
of the consistency of very thick cream. Cut up
the fowl into small pieces, strew over it some
chopped parsley and shallot, pepper, salt, and
a little vinegar, and let it lie till dinner time;
dip the fowl in the batter, and fry it in boiling lard,
of a nice light brown in the same way.

BEST ROOTS.—Boil or bake gently until they
are nearly done; according to the size of the
root, they will require from an hour and a half
to two hours; drain them, and when they be-
gin to cool peel and cut in slices half an inch
thick, then put them into a pickle composed of
black pepper and allspice, of each one ounce,
ginger pounded, horseradish sliced, and salt,
of each half an ounce to every quart of vinegar,
steeped. Two capsicums may be added to a
quart, or one drachm of cayenne.

A person in health has a greater chance to
become sick, than a sick person has to get well,
in a hospital or infirmary where cleanliness is
impossible.

Selected Tale.

HOW FIVE BACHELORS KEPT
HOUSE.
BY MARY CLARKE.

It was a warm evening in early June,
and in the parlor of a pleasant house in
— street, in the handsome city of
Philadelphia, a merry party of young folks
were holding a warm, laughing discussion.

Susy Arnold, the young hostess, who
kept house for her two brothers, Harry
and George, took one side of the question,
while three other gentlemen, beside her
tall brother, opposed her. Charley Grey,
a blue-eyed, curly-headed man, whose fair
round face and boyish air formed an ap-
parent contradiction to the assertion he made
of having five years before attained his ma-
jority; Joe Morris, who from a Spanish
mother inherited jetty hair and eyes, and
a pale complexion, and from his father a
fine, tall figure and a frank, ingenuous ex-
pression; and Milton Dacres, whose small
figure and bashful ways accounted fully
for his nick name Minnie; these three, with
the masters of the house, waged playful
war upon the little brown-eyed maiden
who sat so demurely upon the sofa.

'Say what you please,' said Susy, 'you
will never convince me of the superiority
of men in the capacity of housekeepers.'
'But I maintain,' cried Joe, 'that men
can keep house without women, but that
women cannot do so, unless we will assist
them.'

'For instance,' said Harry, 'when your
Biddy was sick last winter, Sue, how would
such a wile as you are have brought
up coal, kept up the furnace fire, and lifted
about wood, unless your two brothers
had gallantly relieved you of the care?'

'Not to mention that the furnace fire
went out three—'

'A truce!' said George, laughing.—
'That was my fault; but accidents will
sometimes happen in the best regulated
families' as—somebody, name forgotten,
once wisely remarked.'

'I only wish you could keep house; for
I would accept Aunt Jane's invitation to
travel with her this summer, were it not
for leaving you.'

'I have an idea, here,' cried Charley
Grey—an idea which, if you will agree to
act upon it, shall fully cure the women of
the insane notion of their indispensability
—ahem! that word nearly choked me.'

'The ungallant sentence should have
quite strangled you,' said Susy.

'Present company always excepted,' was
the reply.

'The idea! let's have the idea!'
'Suppose we keep house here, while Miss
Susy travels.'

'Here!' cried Susy, aghast.
'Yes,' they all said.

'But,' said Susy, 'I'm sure Jenny would
not stay.'

'We don't want her; we want no wo-
men.'

Visions of muddy boots on her parlor
sofas, cinders in the flower vases, pipes on
the centre tables, spittoons in the best
bedroom, and frying pans in the library,
flitted through the young lady's mind; but
before she could remonstrate, Harry said:

'So be it. Hurrah for bachelor's hall.
Pack up your trunk, Susy.'

'But Harry—'

'Glorious!' cried Charley, 'not a petti-
coat within the doors for a month.'

'But—again said poor Susy.
'No fusses about tobacco smoke in the
curtains,' chimed in George.

'But, brother—'

'Won't it be gay?' said Minnie.
'Gay!' groaned the little housekeeper.

'Lay in a supply of cigars, George sug-
gested Joe. 'When do you go, Miss
Susy?'

'Monday. Aunt Jane's letter said Mon-
day,' said Harry.

'Monday, then. We will come, bag
and baggage, on Monday morning.'

'On an express stipulation that not a
woman performs a stroke of work for us
for a month.'

With many a flourish, amidst the gayest
jests, George wrote out a solemn contract,
by which they bound themselves to ask no
service of any kind at woman's hand for
one month from the date of the following
Monday, June—, 1860, and put all their
signatures to the important document.

Susy, seeing that her brothers really
were in earnest, tried to think she was glad
to go, and added her laughing directions
to the schemes proposed. At a late hour
the convalesced broke up, and Susy retired,
with a head full of sore misgivings.

Monday morning rose fair and clear.
Six o'clock saw Susy drive away from the
door in a carriage, the trunk strapped be-
hind, the lady's pretty travelling dress,
and the shawl of her cousin and cavalier
all bespeaking travel. Susy saw the ser-
vant depart, to spend a month with her
mother in the country.

Nine o'clock witnessed the meeting of
the merry young bachelors.

'Now, then,' said George, after the first
greetings were over, 'I, as the eldest, host,
will take charge to-day. As Susy says,
'When are you going down town?'

'I have nothing to do to-day, so I'll stay
to assist you,' said Minnie.

'Thank you,' said Joe, trying to
look like the head of a respectable family,
and failing most deplorably in the attempt.

'You'll see at three o'clock.'

'Is that the hour?'

'Yes.'

'Remember,' said George, 'I wait for
no one. Punctuality is the soul of din-
ner, as somebody once said before I men-
tioned the fact.'

Having seen the others off, George and
Minnie went into the library for a smoke,
to prepare them for this Herculean task
before them.

'See,' said George, producing a cook
book, 'we are safe.'

'Mrs. Hale! that's a woman!' cried
Minnie.

'Where! never once thought of that.
We will stick to the contract. My dear
madam, I am sorry to appear rude, but I
must show you back to the book case.'

'What's for dinner?' said Minnie.

'Roast lamb, potatoes, green peas, as-
paragus and strawberries.'

'That'll do. Don't you have to shell
peas or something?'

'Yes, that's easy enough.'

'It's awful hot,' said Minnie, after a
short pause.

'Horrid.'

'Suppose we shell the peas up here. It's
cooler here than in the kitchen. I suppose
there's a fire there?'

'Of course.'

'I'll go bring them up.'

'They're in a basket on the table. Just
leave the rest of the things down there.'

Shelling peas was rapid work even for
unaccustomed fingers, but it is a matter of
taste whether the thorough smoking they
had from two actively puffed cigars im-
proved their flavor.

'Now, what do you do with them?' said
Minnie.

'There ain't many,' he added,
as he looked at the little green balls roll-
ing about at the bottom of the huge mar-
ket basket, then eyed the large pile of
shells on the floor.

'You boil them, of course,' was George's
answer.

'Oh, suppose we go down.'

'Well, come along,' said George, taking
up the basket.

The fire burned brightly, Jennie had left
all in good order, and the prospect was not
bad for the amateur cooks.

'What do you boil them in, George?'

'Oh, anything.'

'But where is it?'

'In some of the closets, I guess.'

Susy certainly would have fainted could
she have seen the overhauling of her neat-
ly arranged closets that followed.

'This?' Minnie dragged forth a pot
large enough to boil about twenty pounds
of meat in.

'Yes.'

In they went, unwashed.

'Hot water, or cold?'

'Either.'

'All right; that's done.'

'Now the asparagus. How do you fix
it?'

'I wonder if you roast mutton in this
thing?' said George, holding up a large
pudding dish.

'I guess so. Put it on in the oven, don't
you.'

'So is the meat.'

'The potatoes?'

'Broken all to pieces, and floating
about in the water.'

'These peas are all mushy, Minnie.'

'Punctuality is the soul of dinner,' cried
Joe from the parlor; it's ten minutes past
three.'

'Go set the table,' growled George.

It was unique in its arrangements, that
table, as the gentlemen sat down to din-
ner. The meat figured on an enormous
dish, with an ocean of white china sur-
rounding its shrunken proportions. The
potatoes, in little lumps, unskinned, were
piled in a fruit dish; the green mass which
Minnie had with infinite difficulty fished
from the big meat pot, was served on a
red earthen plate, and the stalks of aspara-
gus were in the salad bowl. The table
cloth was awry, and the napkins were
omitted altogether.

'Where's the gravy?'

'There wasn't any.'

'The meat's burned,' cried one voice.

'It is stone cold,' cried another.

'What's this?' said a third, digging in-
to the pile of peas.

'Fugh!' followed a daring attempt to
eat some asparagus.

'Never mind, said Joe. 'Rome was
not built in a day. Give us some bread
and butter and pickles, George.'

'No, not pickles, preserves,' said Char-
ley.

'Susy looked both up,' cried Harry,
laughing. 'She declared a woman put
them up, and that if we wanted them we
must prepare them for ourselves.'

Minnie produced the strawberries, and
some sugar, and the gentlemen declared
they had dined superbly.

'You fellows clear away,' said Minnie.
'We're tired.'

'You wash up, don't you,' queried Joe.

'Yes.'

'Where's the water?'

'In the hydrant.'

'What do you wash them in?'

'Pan, I guess.'

Away went Joe on a voyage of investi-
gation, and returned soon with a tin dish
full of cold water. The 'leavings,' as Har-
ry termed the remains of the sumptuous
dinner, were thrown from the window into
Susy's flower beds, and armed with a bar
of soap and a fine damask table napkin;
Joe began to wash up.

'How the grease sticks.'

Perspiration streaming from every pore,
he rubbed manfully at the greasy plates
and dishes, and if the water was cold, he
certainly was not.

'I've wet my shirt front!' Splash No.
1.

'Good for white pants.' Splash No. 2.

'That went in my eyes; somebody wipe
them; my hands are wet. Don't rub them
out, Hal.'

'Come, some of you, wipe up.'

The table was cleared at last. Five
damp, greasy napkins, thrown into a cor-
ner of the room, testified that the dishes
were washed and wiped. The water fol-
lowed the 'leavings,' and the quietest sat
down to cool off.

(Do agents assist that operation?)

Spite of the superb dinner, five 'inner
men' called, like Oliver Twist, for more,
at about seven o'clock.

'What's for tea?' Somebody started the
question.

'What's for tea?' Four voices echoed
it.

'Let's have coffee; I can make coffee,'
said George.

'And a steak; I can cook it,' said Joe.

'There's bread and butter,' said Harry.

George went for the steak; Minnie un-
dertook to make the fire; Harry cut the
bread; Joe set the table; while Charley
'cleared the kitchen' by sweeping the pots
and pans used at dinner into a closet,
washing being omitted in the operation.

Minnie, blowing and puffing making the
fire, was saluted with—

'How it smokes!'

'What all the fire, Min?'

Harry discovered the cause, pulled out
the damper, and a merry blaze repaid him.
The coffee boiled, the steak sputtered in
the pan, and the men panted, perspired,
whistled and used improper words over
the heat.

It was a good supper, and piling up the
dishes which it was 'too hot to wash,' the
five bachelors returned to the parlor.

It was involuntary, but each pair of
eyes rested for a moment on the seat Susy
went to occupy. A little music, more
talk, and still more smoking filled the time
till midnight, when each one yawned him-
self off to bed. Harry, who was always
the one to 'look up,' stayed the latest—
The kitchen looked deary; no fire, greasy
frying-pan placed as a helmet over the
coffee-pot, bits of bread lying about loose,
dirty pots here, and dirty dishes there—
The parlor was in disorder; chairs stood
in a forlorn confusion; smoke hung over all.
The dining room, with its piles of dirty
cups, saucers, and plates, its unswept floor,
greasy napkins, and smoky atmosphere,
was worst of all, and Harry inwardly ad-
mitted that 'somehow, the house didn't
look as usual.'

There was fun the next morning making

up beds. The milkman and baker had
vainly knocked for an admittance, and
finally 'retired in disgust,' and the bache-
lors breakfasted off the stale bread left
from the night's feast, and coffee black and
sweet.

'Each man clear up his own room.'

The order given, each started to obey.
Joe pulled off all the clothes from his bed;
and, having laid the bolster and pillow on
top to rest from his toils. Minnie, after
pulling all the clothes off one side in try-
ing to tuck them in on the other, and then
correcting the mistake by tucking them in
on the other side and pulling them off the
first, put his bolster on over the pillow,
and concluded it 'would do.' Charley
merely smoothed his down, sagely observ-
ing that if he pulled the things off, he nev-
er could put them on again. Harry and
George, who shared the same room, hav-
ing followed Charley's plan, put on an
extra touch by sweeping their room, and
leaving the pile of dust in the entry. 'Ex-
cellior!'

Three days' experience convinced them
that bachelors' cookery was slow starva-
tion. Steaks and coffee for breakfast were
followed by coffee and steaks for dinner,
and both for tea. Charley suggested that
they should have their meals sent from a
restaurant.

'All mechanics, so we stick to the con-
tract,' was his final observation.

The motion was seconded, and carried
by unanimous vote.

By this time every dish, plate, napkin,
put and pan in the house was dirty, and,
joyfully concluding that they wouldn't
want any more, the gentlemen piled them
up in the kitchen sink, on the floor
and tables, and left them.

'Harry—it was George's voice—I have
not got a clean shirt.'

'Nor I.'

'Nor I.'

'I've got one.'

'Not a handkerchief, nor a collar, nor a
pair of stockings, nor—'

'Stop! Two weeks since Susy went,
and no washing day.'

'There was a dead silence.'

'Who knows how to wash?'

No answer.

'I—I've seen it done,' said one faint
voice, owned by Charley. You soap the
things and rub 'em on a board.'

'Can anybody iron?'

They all thought they could manage
that part.

The kitchen was opened for the first
time for ten days. One cry burst from five
lips. Tables, chairs, floor, dresser, sink,
were one mass of roaches, collected by the
piles of greasy dishes. They overran every
place.

'Shut the door. Now for it,' cried
George, and dashed at the invaders. Bed-
lam seemed to have broken loose. In
reaching after one of the 'critters,' Charley
upset the table. Crash went the crockery.
Screams of laughter, cries of disgust, blows
thick as hail, comments on the heat, jokes,
warnings, flew about for an hour, and then
the panting parties ceased for their labors
and viewed sternly the 'cold corpses' of
their foes. A scream from Minnie—
'There's one down my back!'

George cried—'Joe, there's one on your
hair.'

'Don't mention it. Look at the fellow
on your shirt sleeve.'

A general stampede for the bath-room
followed.

'Let's wash up here.'

No sooner said than done. The soiled
clothes were collected from all the rooms,
and the boards and soap brought up from
the kitchen.

Joe and Harry washed, blistering hands
and streaming foreheads testifying to their
efforts. Cold water required a great deal
of rubbing, and somehow the things had
a yellow tinge after all, as George remark-
ed, as he wrung them out. Minnie, object-
ing to going into the yard, hung them over
the chairs in the dining-room and the ban-
isters in the entry as fast as George and
Charley wrung them out. Dinner time
came, and found them still at work. Din-
ner eaten, the dishes carried off by the
waiter from the restaurant, they changed
places, and the washers wrung and hung
up, while the others washed.

Six o'clock saw the last shirt hanging in
damp limppiness over the parlor chandelier;
the handkerchiefs waved from the mantle-
piece, and the stockings dangled from the
bars of the Canterbury.

'They always iron the next day, so they
can dry in the night,' said Henry.

After another slaughter of roaches in
the morning, the fire was lighted, the iron
put on, and the clothes collected, rough
dry for the final touch. Every man had
visions of smooth, clean linen to repay
him for his unaccustomed efforts. Such is
hope!

Charley took the first step. Planting
his iron on the front of a shirt, a small
greeted his nostrils, and he lifted it again
to behold a large brown mark, the precise
shape of the flat iron burned on the bosom

of his 'go-to-meet-in' shirt. Minnie's
iron, being almost cold, was travelling
briskly up and down his shirt, but produc-
ing no visible effect.

It was humiliating, but true, that Joe
took an order to a gentleman's furnishing
store that morning for a supply of linen,
and the 'washed' clothes were consigned
to a pot 'closet' to await Susy's return.

Susy's return! How can I describe it!
Every man on that day found he had an
imperative engagement abroad, and the
little maiden found an empty house. She
went first to the parlor. Dust lay in piles.
One curtain was torn from the cornice, and
lay in limp folds against the window. Ci-
gars lay about loose, some whole, some
half smoked, some reduced to a mere
stump; spittoons were in every corner, the
chairs were promiscuously deranged, on
the centre table three bottles, two demij-
ohns, a pack of cards, and about two do-
zen tumblers replaced her pretty book—
The piano bore two pairs of boots, depos-
ited there when the owners were too tired
to go up stairs, and forgotten afterwards;
the Canterbury had a dish of chicken salad
reposing peacefully upon it; one otto-
man supported a hat and cane, another a
coat; every chair carried some relic of the
departed guests, here a handkerchief, there
a pocket comb, or another a tooth pick.
Susy was dismayed; but like a brave little
woman, determined to face all the 'muss'
at once. The kitchen came next. As we
have described it on the eventful ironing
day, so it remained, roaches inclusive, in-
auder everywhere. The library was
next in order, and it was the counterpart
of the parlor, only more so; dining room
do, bedrooms to

THE contractors for the building of a School House for the Trustees of the Long Wharf, are Messrs. PHILIP FENKON and JOHN FENKON. Ground has already been broken and it is expected that the walls will be up and the building closed in by cold weather, and by January next it will be ready for use.

SATURDAY last a son of the late CHARLES BARNUM, aged about seven years, was drowned in the dock at Bull's wharf while bathing. It is a wonder that more children are not drowned in our docks, as, with a large class of boys, the wharves are selected for their play grounds.

SAMUEL J. CARE has sold his house on Gibb Land, to T. R. DALE, of New York, for \$1500.

WM. B. ANTON'S income is authoritative stated to be \$20000000 a day.

Acting Master **WILLIAM ELLERY**, has been his commission in the U. S. Navy, and is in the merchant service in command of the *Harriet Queen*, of New York, loading for Hong Kong, China.

Town in New England—There are 1 towns in New England whose in Maine have more population on the average, and those whose land the most inhabitants. In the last state there is an average population of 40 persons, while in Maine the average is

Internal tax in this district.

— — — — —

Tax salaries of the officers of a single
ment for one month amount to \$52,000.
a year to \$624,000.

Company have contributed \$500 to each Independent War Organization in the State, and have secured the dismissal of any employees who have invoked protection from any foreign government to avoid military duty.

SECRETARY SEWARD.—An article in the Washington Intelligencer of Saturday last sought to treat the stories about the resignation of Secretary Seward. He will remain in the office so long as the President requires his services.

COM. PORTER HAS ARRIVED AT WASHINGTON, and it is said, is to operate in the James River. He is to shell Fort Darling with his fleet.

About one thousand officers have re-
since the recent battles, most of them avo-
as after Bull Run, to raise new commands.

[illegible]

